

The Evening World.

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SAVE THE STATE FROM WORSE.

MAY the State of New York be spared the stigma of legislation proposed by Republican leaders which would permit the qualifications of candidates for public office to be dictated by the parties of predominant influence and power.

The New York Assembly was guilty of one of the gravest errors in the history of American legislation when it voted to suspend the five Socialist members. The clearer headed part of the public has not been slow to make the Assembly realize its mistake and to demand that its hasty and ill-advised action be rescinded.

To proceed to further tyrannical suppression of minority representation in this State would be intolerable abuse of the legislative function.

Democratic members of the Legislature lost their heads and let themselves be stampeded by the Republican majority into the first great error.

These same Democrats should open their eyes and rally their principles before they are pushed into a worse one.

GOOD LABOR STRATEGY.

THIS week has witnessed the formal conclusion of the coal and steel strikes.

Formalities ratifying facts are not usually significant. In this case they are.

In the coal miners' meeting the radical element, who protested the settlement of the strike on the basis of a future equitable adjustment, met overwhelming defeat.

In the steel strike the end was marked by the retirement of William Z. Foster, whose erstwhile affiliation with the I. W. W. lent color to charges that the disturbance was created by revolutionary intent.

Two such important developments are well worth connecting with what has gone before.

Earlier last year we heard much of the general strike. It was the weapon which was to free Mooney, nationalize various industries, free prisoners, bring home troops from Russia and accomplish other pet schemes. Seattle and Winnipeg were the victims of experiments that caused many a unionist to wake up with a start.

These men, loyal at once to their Nation and to their organizations, discovered that while they had been working to win the war, others had been bending every effort to gain control of the unions.

Seattle was a signal for a right-about-face. The radical element, agitating, attending meetings, playing union politics and voting together, had gained too many directing offices, too many positions of titular leadership. Radicalism had not increased in so great proportion in union membership as in union leadership.

For months a change has been going on. It has taken time, for it has been by orderly means of the ballot. There is no such dangerous reaction in labor politics as seems to impend in national and State politics, but there is a very decided drawing back from ultra-radical policies.

Conclusion of the coal and steel strikes is symptomatic. Virtual abandonment of the "Plumb plan" is another similar straw. Decision of the railroad workers to co-operate for lower living costs points in the same direction.

Labor is wise indeed if it is when to go slowly, consolidating and securing the many advances established during the war.

ONCE HERESY, NOW SENSE.

GOV. COOLIDGE'S address to the Massachusetts Legislature is interesting not only for its recommendations for State welfare but also as a platform outline of a serious contender for the Presidency.

It is unfortunate that it did not appear on some day when it was not overshadowed by developments at Albany and the President's letter on the treaty. Truly, the Massachusetts Executive's message is worthy of serious consideration.

What a rubbing of eyes and straining of ears it must have caused among the stanch membership of the "Old Guard," the tried and true who take Republicanism on faith, who "never forget anything nor learn anything."

Gov. Coolidge talked sense—but some of it was rank heresy, judged from a Republican point of view. For instance, he said:

"A fact that cannot be controverted is that all taxes have to be paid by the public. There is no power that can prevent a distribution of the burden. . . . It is impossible to escape the conviction that high taxes make high prices."

We grant it. But what of the High Protection fetish which has been the very essence of Republican doctrine for a lifetime? "The foreigner" paid the tax, they said.

Is Coolidge a turncoat, a heretic? What other explanation is there?

Fortunately for Coolidge, "Harmony" has been substituted for "Protection" as the 1920 rallying cry. Chairman Hays will call off the dogs. The Massachusetts Governor is comparatively safe.

NOT TOO LATE.

IT IS not too late for the people of the United States to prove that their interest in the Peace Treaty embraces something bigger than the question which of the two great political parties is to get the more capital out of it for campaign purposes.

It is not too late for the people to impress upon the Senate their view that the unyielding attitude of the President, emphasized to an unfortunate degree in his Jackson Day letter, does not justify the Republican treaty blockers in backing away to further extremes of obstinacy and spite.

All along it has been plain that the line of just compromise lies much closer to the President than to Mr. Lodge, who took deliberate and violent leaps away from it.

There will be no League of Nations that includes the United States if the covenant is to be jubilantly taken to pieces and rewritten by Senators whose cherished aim has been to go far enough with amendments and reservations to make certain that the United States shall be kept out and the President's pet purpose defeated.

Rather than have the United States left out, other nations party to the proposed covenant are no doubt ready to concede much. Just how much nobody is in a better position to know than the President. It may be assumed there are limits.

A majority of Americans believe their country to be strong, self-reliant and self-respecting enough to join a League of Nations as a full member, instead of bargaining and haggling to secure the most privileges for the fewest obligations.

When they see the haggling process prolonged indefinitely for the paltry political profit of party leaders they may well feel the time has come to do something.

It is not too late. Even now the Senate will listen soberly and dutifully as to a referendum if only the country will suddenly find its voice.

NOT FILLING FATHER'S SHOES.

IT is said that Opportunity appears once before every man.

Among those present at Albany when the five Socialists were unseated was Theodore Roosevelt Jr., who dutifully followed the lead of Speaker Sweet.

THE COMMONER IS HIMSELF AGAIN.

WHEN William J. Bryan staged himself as the great surprise of the Jackson Day dinner perhaps he forgot that, after all, most of his fellow Americans have reasonably good memories.

For years past many of them have remembered enough about Mr. Bryan to make it difficult for him ever to surprise them again.

A very slight effort of recollection suffices to carry them back to June, 1915, when Mr. Bryan's conviction that pacifism was the first, last and paramount principle of a majority of the American people caused him to resign his office of Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet at a moment when the Government of the United States began to find itself forced to increasingly stern insistence upon its rights as menaced by German ruthlessness in the great war.

Nor have they forgotten Mr. Bryan's subsequent conversion of himself into a topline on the tent circuit in order to persuade Americans that the President's preparedness plans were "a reversal of our national policy, a menace to our peace and a challenge to Christianity."

Mr. Bryan's attacks on the President at that time were not the utterances of an earnest American trying to unite his country in the face of a grave problem. They were rather the effort of a political malcontent to seize upon an issue that should spread dissension and if possible split a party. It included specious warnings to the President against certain "atmospheres" and influences in Democratic circles.

Much water has gone over the dam since then. But Mr. Bryan remains the same Mr. Bryan. The only precious moments life has ever held for him are those that have found him going to the people with something he fondly hoped might prove the issue of issues.

It is the same old story this time. Leaving party to one side, he has sought to extract from the situation a special message and platform of his own to peddle to the country.

The Commoner is himself again. Now for the advance notices of a rousing lecture tour. Only a few short months ahead lie the rosy uncertainties of convention time.

HOW MANY BEAUX?

A CORRESPONDENT waxes cynical over Mr. Wanamaker's recent remarks on the desirability for a girl having a variety of suitors from which to choose.

"More beaux, more clothes," she says, and it is well known that Mr. Wanamaker is in the business of selling clothes to girls. "J. C. K." sees the possibility of a sordid commercial reason for Mr. Wanamaker's admonition.

But why such cynicism in one so young and fair as to boast of a string of fourteen beaux—"too many," her father thinks. Granting the commercial motive, there are other explanations. Perhaps Mr. Wanamaker believes that a variety of suitors tends to favor happy marriages. If a couple are happily married the husband is apt to be more liberal in his allowance for his wife's clothes. That too would be profitable for Mr. Wanamaker.

All of which is quite outside the mooted question on which Mr. Wanamaker expressed an opinion. Ought a girl to have several beaux or should she conserve her affections?

Which Will You Have?

By J. H. Cassel



FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

Pays Too Much Rent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would you kindly publish this answer to the letter which appeared in Monday's Evening World—"Poor Little Income" by J. H. B. of Washington Heights.

In the first place, Mr. J. H. B. is paying rent beyond his means. Let him get cheaper rent for a four-room apartment and come down from his high perch. He is only trying to go one better on his neighbor, the working fellow.

Let J. H. B. look back to the common laborer who is out from early morning to late in the evening in all sorts of weather. J. H. B. is in doors in winter. If I could pay \$50 for a four-room walk-up apartment, I would prefer to make the payments on my own house and have no kick. Let J. H. B. read "Uncommon Sense" by John Blake. "Keep Up Your End." It just fits him right.
MRS. C. W. F.
New York, Jan. 8, 1920.

"To Cure the Blues."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would advise "Y. M. C. A." to read "The Makin' o' Joe," by Louis Matthews Sweet. It is a humorous story of "Down East" small town life, true to life, as I have found from experience among such people. "Y. M. C. A." who is troubled with "the blues," may get enjoyment from "Joe." He may find himself depicted in one of the characters.
A READER OF "THE MAKIN' O' JOE."
Jersey City, Jan. 8, 1920.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Responding to "Y. M. C. A." who complains that he is depressed and blue, I would advise a prescription of the "Dere Mable" books, some four in number, for a complete and positive cure. If this fails and my diagnosis is wrong tell him to write again and I'll try another tonic.
BOOKELLES.
New York, Jan. 8, 1920.

O'Hara Fun Taken Seriously.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The article in your paper of Saturday evening, "Our Railroads," by Neal B. O'Hara, was the most preposterous thing I have read in a good while. It is very evident that Mr. O'Hara has never been an engineer. I am the wife of an engineer on the Long Island R. R., and know about as well as any one what kind of a life it is. My husband is on what they term the "extra list," and that means getting out any time of the day or night whenever he is called, no matter what kind of weather or whether he has had his rest. Nothing matters. He is called and must go immediately. Many a time he is not able to get home, must sleep in cold cars, getting something to eat anywhere or any time he has a chance, and they DO NOT get TIME and ONE-HALF for overtime. If the Government has been floored it is because of the dishonest grafters and plotters to get the roads back to private ownership, and nothing else. I invite Mr. O'Hara to live the life of an extra engineer for one month this cold weather, or

In the intense heat in the summer, and then write another article.
A CONSTANT READER.
Corona, L. I., Jan. 7, 1920.

To Kill a Candidate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Our By-the-Old-Time-Invisible-Power-Anointed-Little-Father-Anderson puts the question of prohibition "to be or not to be" up to Candidate Prof. Butler. The "issue" is dead, says he. And so is Butler as a candidate for the Presidency. Throw off your mask, you hypocrites and Pharisees! You are a thorn in the sides of any honest Roosevelt follower.

Without "putting the question" to Gen. Wood, the living exponent of Roosevelt's ideals and ideas of justice and fairness to all, I for one gladly give my support to the Gen. and a man of size, which the pigmies can no longer keep down.
By all means, Anderson, let Bryan carry your banner and on the good ship Buffle may you reach the land of "Everlasting Rainbows."
REBLUD.
New York, Jan. 5, 1920.

Defends Smokes for Women.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Hurrah for Judge Mullan! What a comfort to know that there is at least one public official familiar with the customs of good society. Civilized women the world over smoke cigarettes and nothing is thought of it except by the rank outsider. But the true rituals, the corner loafers—until recently the bar hanger on—and the flashy man about town, all of them wonderfully well informed as to what the "good, pure woman" should and should not do (although goodness knows where they acquire their knowledge, as they have as much chance of associating with gentlewomen as they have of being presented at Buckingham Palace). Oh, what a howl will arise from them! But I hardly think that Judge Mullan or the woman who enjoys a cigarette will mind the abuse of Hiram Hicks, Sammy Souze or Joe Jolly. E. V.
West Brighton, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1920.

A Sad Case.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am an old-time reader of The Evening World, and not in the habit of writing letters in answer to some of these narrow-minded, brain-boggled, conscience-stricken d. t. cases that we sometimes find in this world, the kind that supplies Mr. Anderson with inspiration in his battle cry to deprive us of our personal liberty.

"Son of American-Born Pioneers." I can, as a nurse, realize how "peevish" you must be in these days of whiskey's scarcity, and therefore judge the somewhat vulgar run of your article accordingly.
Mr. Elihu Root is putting up a noble fight to preserve our personal liberty and deserves a lot of credit, but, unfortunately, we have ingrates whose scope of vision is so small that the eye of a needle would suffice.
It was a rude awakening we A. E. F. had on our return as to what some home-staying schemers could accomplish while we were fighting for them and unable to have a say in the matter.
I'm not a whiskey drinker, sad-

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake.

(Copyright, 1920.)

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR VISIT.

You will visit this world for perhaps twenty, perhaps eighty years. You will find it a very interesting world—if you look about while you are here.

Your time will be limited, of course—even if you live more than the allotted span. To see one-hundredth part of what there is to see you will have to be very busy.

But it will be worth your while. You will leave it with a much more contented spirit if you know that you have seen all you could see during your stay. You can only do that by very close observation and by learning all you can about HOW really to see what is to be seen.

If you were to go to London or Paris, or to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, you would not need to be told to use your eyes. You would feel pretty foolish, returning from such a journey, if you could not describe what you had seen—if it left your memory as poorly stocked as before.

Yet the world is many times more interesting than London or Paris. There is nothing within range of your eyes, no matter where you are, that is not interesting.

Every stone in the road has a story, which you can read if you find out how to read it. The world itself, its daily revolutions, its great sweep about the sun, the envelope of air in which it whirls, how it is lighted, heated, supplied with all the needs of its human population—these are absorbing studies all well worth taking up.

For thousands of years thoughtful, observant people have been studying it and putting the results of their studies into books for your benefit.

Read these books—or as many of them as you can. Make independent observations. See as much of the world as it is possible to see while you are in it. Your stay will be brief at best. Make the most of it and life will be many times as valuable to you as if you sought only the means to supply your stomach with food and your body with clothes.

Misdirected Police.

To Aldermen B. C. Vladek, care of the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad to see that the rights of persons, walking or parading the streets of New York are being properly defended. I had intended to go on Fifth Avenue on Christmas Day myself for the same purpose that other citizens were there, and but for a severe attack of bronchitis I would have met with the same disgraceful treatment at the hands of agents of the law, which seems nowadays to be for forcing persons to be criminals, rather than for the prevention of crime and protection of rights of citizens. It is time the actions of police representation of the just laws of the country be brought to the full understanding of its incompetency and disregard of justice.
MINNIE JOHNSON.
New York, Jan. 8, 1920.

Money from Dust

ONE of the most remarkable machines in the world has just been invented by an Englishman, W. P. Hoyle, according to the Atlantic Leader of Halifax. It converts dust into cash—or, more correctly speaking, it extracts what is worth saving from rubbish and prepares it for redistribution. Cinders are washed, dust is converted into fertilizer, tins are cleaned, and paper and rags are sorted. Another bit of machinery used in this wonderful "refuse recovery plant" deals with clinkers, turning them into moulded concrete blocks for building. It has been proved that every hundred tons of waste produces \$160, and since a town of 75,000 inhabitants discards about one hundred tons of rubbish daily one can easily work out the municipal revenue that such a plant would produce. Not a few towns in the United Kingdom have already installed a Hoyle rubbish converting plant. Aberdeen in one day collected \$3,000 worth of discarded bottles, a week's jam-jar collection in the city of Sheffield realized \$600, while Glasgow estimates that one year's conversion of its rubbish will bring in \$20,000.

The Love Stories of Great Novels

By Albert P. Terhune

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No. 35—The Magic Skin, By Honore de Balzac.

RAPHAEL DE VALENTINE was sick of life—chiefly because life was sick of him.

Had luck had dogged his steps so long that he had forgotten what happiness was like. Though he was young and well-bred, he was penniless. He knew of no way to mend his fortunes.

Poverty had parted him from Pauline Gaudin, the girl he adored. Poverty had closed every other door to him—every door but death.

At last, half crazed with unhappiness, he set forth for the river, to seek forgetfulness in its depths. What followed may be set down to coincidence, or to the delusions of a weakened brain or to witchcraft, as you choose.

On the way to the Seine the luckless Raphael stopped for a moment at an antiquary shop near the quay. There he fell into talk with the hideous and mysterious man who kept the shop. Raphael was led into professing his plan to kill himself.

The shopkeeper listened to the desperate youth's story; then produced from his treasure chest the skin of a wild donkey.

This, he said, was a Magic Skin. It had the power of granting to its owner any wish he might make. The one drawback was that, at every wish, the skin must shrink a little. And when it should have shrunk to nothingness, its owner must die.

Raphael gladly accepted the queer talisman. As he intended to commit suicide, anyway, the prospect of death did not alarm him. And he was eager for a good time to make up for his past privations.

He carried away the Magic Skin, half doubting its power. As he left the shop, he wished for a magnificent banquet to celebrate his return to the world. At once he met a group of friends who invited him to such a banquet.

Encouraged by the fulfilling of this wish, he wished next for an enormous fortune. Next morning he received news that his uncle in the East had died, leaving him incredibly rich.

Then, from wish to wish, the excited Raphael went. But presently he checked himself. For the Magic Skin was growing smaller and smaller. And he knew when it should vanish he must die.

So he tried not to make any more wishes. Yet the while the habit is hard to break. And more than once, unthinkingly, he voiced some idle wish: which caused the Magic Skin to shrink. By this time the skin was barely six inches square.

Then, at the opera, one night, Raphael chanced to meet Pauline Gaudin, again—the girl he had loved and who had been parted from him by poverty.

The oldtime romance was renewed. He and Pauline fell desperately in love with each other, once more; and now no contact separated them. They were married.

For a while the two were gloriously happy. But always, in the back of his mind, Raphael carried the knowledge that he must die as soon as his list of wishes should have used up the Magic Skin. And by this time there was but a tiny fragment of the skin left.

Incessant worry broke down Raphael's none-too-sturdy health. Pauline was pathetically anxious about him. And, in a moment of despair, he told her the story of the Magic Skin. Pauline was frantic with grief. She loved him. She did not want to outlive him. So she tried to kill herself. Thinking she had succeeded, she attempted the heartbroken Raphael waited.

"Oh, Pauline, I wish I might die too!"

Almost as soon as the wish was spoken, it was granted. Raphael fell dead. The doctors, after examining his body, declared:

"He had tuberculosis. All that nonsense about the Magic Skin was just a sick man's delusion."

News Flashes From Around The World

Wrecks on the Great Lakes.

The Toronto Globe stated recently that nineteen ships were wrecked on the Great Lakes during the past year, and that twenty-four persons lost their lives in these wrecks. The total value of the ships ran close to a million and a half and over 47,000 tons of shipping were lost.

Horses at \$140 Each.

Horses and mules sold by the American forces in Germany between Nov. 21 and Nov. 23, last year, brought a total of \$103,978, or about \$140 each. The animals sold were reported as unserviceable.

Drama in Tokio.

A notable revival of appreciation of the enthusiasm over the memory of Townsend Harris, first American Envoy to Japan, has occurred in Tokio, says the East and West News, following the production of a drama by Mr. Okemoto Kido, one of Japan's most popular playwrights, in which Minister Harris is shown as the leading character. The drama is entitled, "The American Envoy," and deals with the highly adventurous but wonderfully successful career of the American diplomat.